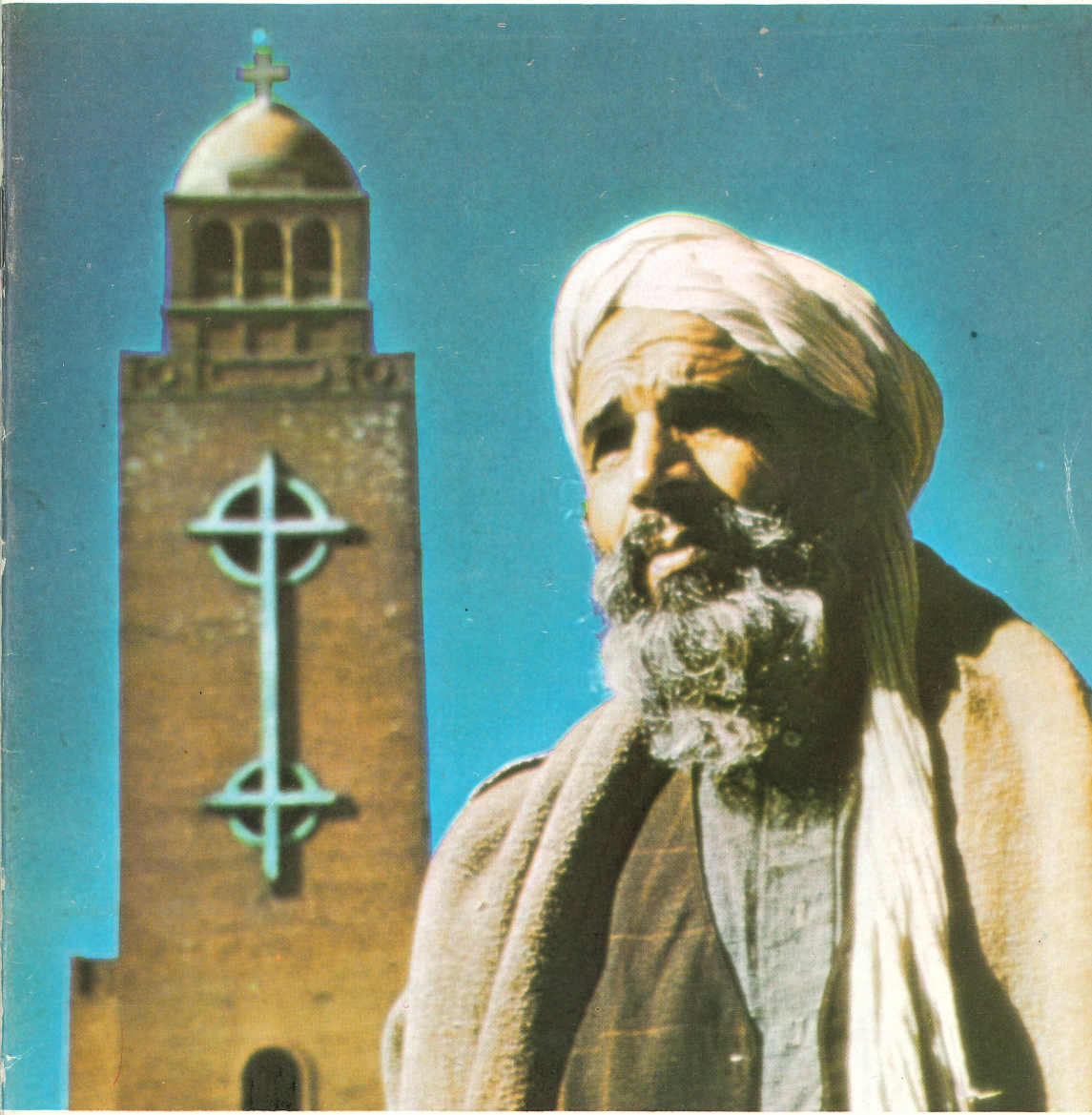

Medical Missionary

The Culture of Pakistan—January - February, 1961

The yoke of life is made of nothing and of everything, of situation. It appears as unnerving discipline when it becomes rapidity, mobility, innovation, perpetual contradiction and cancellation, as in the life of today. And yet it is here that life begins, and it only begins by acceptance. The obstinate search for the ideal place and time is rejection of the passing hour, a rejection for which man could be judged and be lost. To seek another time and another place to breathe God is to reject the yoke of life. To reject the hour because it is difficult, because it has come without being invited, is to shake off the yoke of life, to postpone indefinitely the commitment to live . . .

When Christ called his law sweet and his yoke light, perhaps he meant that it rested on the very call of life, and that He was calling us not in exotic and absurd forms but step by step along the paths and crags of life itself, reappearing at each crossing of a threshold, from one need to another, one problem to the next, as He Who wants to be discovered anew, asking of us only a readiness to move onward towards the light. (Maria Teresa Antonelli—*The Cloister and the City.*)

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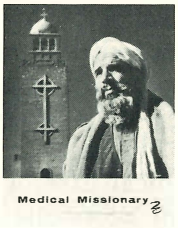
The Medical Mission Sisters, founded in 1925, *by Mother Anna Dengel, M.D. in Washington, D.C., are a religious congregation, dedicated to the care of the sick in the missions. The Sisters staff hospitals in India, Africa, Pakistan, Indonesia and South America. American Provincialate:* 8400 *Pine Rd., Philadelphia* 11, *Pa.*



Cover Photo
Bearded Pakistani — Holy Family Hospital Rawalpindi, West Pakistan.

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Cover and 6	J. Primi
4	Three Lions
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7	United Nations
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32	Far East

our address: MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS - PHILADELPHIA 11, PA.

The Medical Missionary is Published with Ecclesiastical Approbation by the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries, Inc. Subscription: $2.00 per year; $3.00, two years. Second Class Postage Paid at Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR: Sr. M. Angelica ; Business: Sr. M. Kevin ; Art: Sr. M. Lawrence, Charles Madden

THIS YEAR'S THEME

World Cultures and the Medical

All Men Are Brothers in Christ

With the New Year 1961, we are initiating a new series in the MEDICAL MISSIONARY: World Cultures and the Medical Mission apostolate. What connection one may ask does the Medical Mission Apostolate have with Culture? Culture, as a way of life, has much to do with Medical Missions.

Everywhere on the medical mission front we find NEED. We need to multiply hospitals, dispensaries, set up more clinics, send out more and vast armies of Sister doctors and nurses . . . for NEED is everywhere in the underdeveloped and underprivileged areas of the world . . . more than half of the globe today.

Yet supposing all this were done—that the NEEDS of the sick and miserable throughout the world were provided for—for one day even—the problem would not have been solved for the future. For the roots of this NEED lie far deeper, than a mere lack of medical care. They are undergirded by the social and religious, the economic and cultural environments of millions of men, women and children throughout East and West today.

All efforts and endeavors to alleviate this NEED can avail little unless it is accompanied by a great striving to learn just what are the conditions that govern the lives of these people—what are their aspirations—their customs—their values—just what makes them tick? What can be done to improve their lot?

ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS—IN CHRIST. We cannot love

Mission Apostolate

and help those whom we do not know. We cannot understand our neighbor's way until we have approached him sympathetically and discovered it in the mutual Need we have for one another . . . he to receive, and we to give . . . knowing what is the right and acceptable way to offer our skills to him.

From the secular point of view—never before in the history of the world has there been such an imminent need for peoples to understand and appreciate one another. The entry of the U. N. into world affairs has given a very significant and important role to the peoples of Africa, Asia, and other areas almost unknown to us before. Nigeria was the 99th member and the 26th African State welcomed into the U. N. recently. By 1962, it is estimated that at least 30 African Nations will be members.

From the Christian point of view how much does the average American Catholic know about these 30 African nations—these neighbors of theirs, about their culture, art, religion, or of the peoples of Asia? Yet they are our brothers in Christ—to love, to uphold, to assist with technical know-how and ideals.

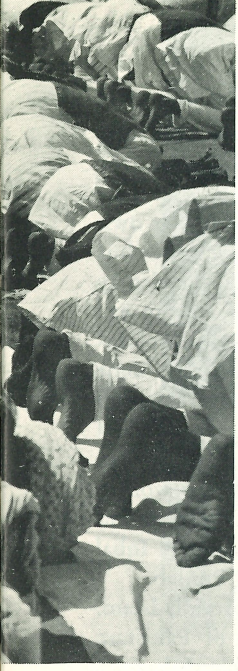
"It requires great conviction to recognize God's face in the face of every human being," says Father de Meulder, S.J., speaking of the tribal and Harijan peoples of India, . . . it requires great conviction before a man can translate into action the great Christian principles of justice, charity, and real equality." The truths of knowledge and Faith can help strengthen this conviction.

CULTURE OF PAKISTA

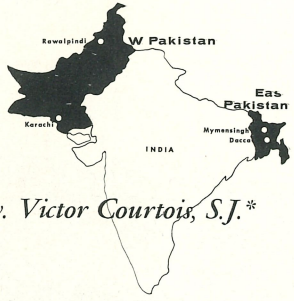
Culture has been defined "the ennoblement of human life by human ingenuity." Now this human ingenuity is conditioned by man's environment and inspired by the ideal he has chosen for his life. These conditions and this ideal explain the variations we find in the different cultures of the world. The culture of Pakistan takes its inspiration from the religion of Islam, and in this it is one with the whole Muslim world; but it has modalities of its own due to historical, geographical, racial influences, and this distinguishes the culture of Pakistan from that of other Muslim countries whether they be Arabia, Egypt or Morocco, Turkey, Iraq or Iran, to mention but a few. We are therefore justified in speaking of a Pakistani Culture and in trying to make a brief survey of the same.

PAKISTAN was born as an independent state on August 14th, 1947. From the point of view of national geography, the new state is a freak; it is indeed, made up of two very different regions, separated one from the other by the whole breadth of India, a distance of over one thousand miles. Pakistan's western wing which covers an area of 306,860 square miles of territory and coincides more or less with the Indus basin, is a vast sandy plain bordered on its western and northern sides by high

*The Oriental Institute—Islamic Section, Calcutta, India



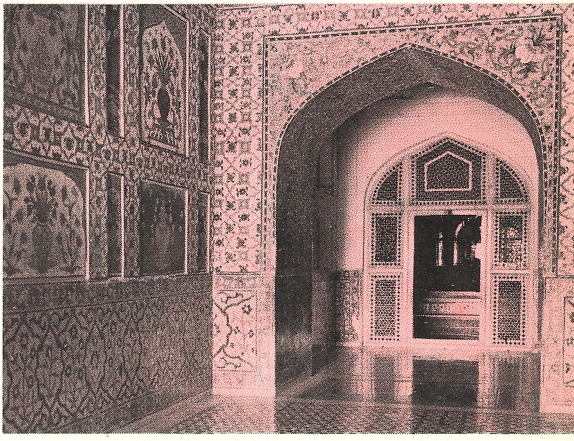
Muslims pray five times a day facing mecca wherever they may be; on Friday in the mosques.



*Rev. Victor Courtois, S.J.**

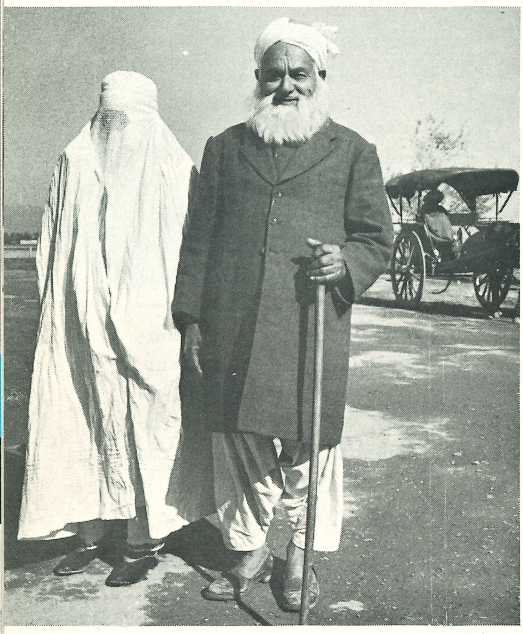
needs to be developed. Meanwhile, there is dire poverty throughout the area. The people of Pakistan, who numbered 75,636,000 according to the 1951 census, and should reach close to 90,000,000 in 1961, are as varied in racial origin and cultural achievements as the regions they inhabit. West Pakistan lies on the way of the great historical invasions which came from the northwest through the Khyber Pass—the early Aryans, the Greeks, the Huns and the Mongols—hence the dominant race is Scytho-Aryan: the majestic, half-nomad Baluchis and Pathans of the rugged Makran Hills and North-West Frontier, the industrious farmers of the Punjab, the

mountain ranges, the Makran, the Hindu Kush and the Karakorum. The land is dry and cultivation depends mainly on the efficiency of the irrigational system; wheat and cotton are the main crops. But the relative poverty of the land from the point of view of agriculture is somewhat compensated by an abundance of mineral resources not all as yet exploited. The eastern wing of Pakistan is an alluvial plain of 53,920 square miles formed by the broad delta of the mighty Ganges, the Brahmaputra and their generous tributaries. The land is covered with dense forests, rich in rare woods and with well watered fields producing a great variety of useful plants; the main commercial crops are jute and rice. However, all this wealth



Interior of Jehangir's tomb — a fine specimen of Muslim architecture, Lahore, Pakistan.

land of the five rivers (Panch-Ab), the hard-working Sindhis whose land is mostly desert. In East Pakistan it is the Dravido-Mongoloid type which has left its imprint on the features of the Bengalis and the hill-track people of the Burmese border.



(Above) Veiled Muslim woman with her husband.
(Right) Patrolling the border. near the Khyber pass.

Because of such a great variety of people and the distances which separate their dwelling places, numerous languages have sprung and developed in Pakistan; each region, each racial group, has its own: in the West, Punjabi, Pushtu, Sindhi, and Urdu are spoken, not to mention local dialects; in the East, Bengali predominates in the plains and Kashi languages in the Hill Tracts. The official language of the country, however, is still English—it is taught in the schools and it is commonly used by the educated class—but it will eventually be replaced by Urdu and Bengali, the two leading national languages. All these languages have a literature of their own rich in poetry and in folkloric tales; but only Urdu and Bengali are sufficiently developed and refined to be able to express all the shades of modern philosophical and scientific thought. Some Bengali and Urdu writers have achieved world-wide fame like the great poet and educationist Rabindranath Tagore (d. 1941) of undivided Bengal who won in 1913 the Nobel Prize for Literature and the poet-philosopher Muhammad Iqbal (d. 1938) of pre-partition Punjab.

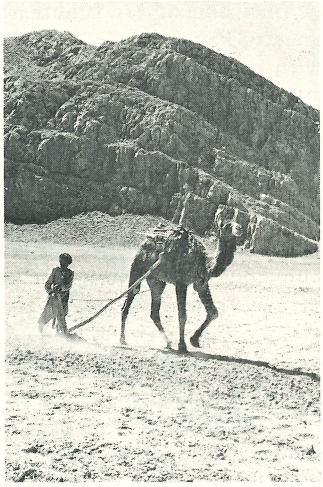
The main religion of Pakistan is Islam. Islam is at the very origin of Pakistan, for it was in order to be able to live up according to the ideal of their faith that the Muslims of the Indian subcontinent separated from their Hindu brethren in 1947. As India was moving towards independence the Muslim minority—an important group of about 80 million—grew more and more apprehensive of the Hindus who outnumbered them by 5 to 1. In an independent and free India, the government would necessarily be in the hands of the Hindu majority. The Muslims who had ruled India for a thousand years previous to

Industrious farmer of the Punjab, West Pakistan.

the coming of the British, felt deeply mortified and feared for the liberty of Islam and the free development of Islamic culture. They formed an organization, the Muslim League, for the defense of their rights. In 1930, Iqbal, the poet-philosopher, was elected president of the League and in a memorable speech at Lahore described an imaginary independent Islamic state where Muslims would be able to live as true Muslims under a Muslim Government. The idea of Pakistan had been formulated. It was to mature fast under the astute and determined lead of Muhammad Ali Jinnah, who earned the title of "Founder of Pakistan."

The 14 years through which Pakistan has struggled as a new nation have been memorable years. There was much to do in every sphere. The territory which had become Pakistan had always been somewhat neglected by the paramount power in the days previous to the partition. Practically everything had to be built up: the political life of the country, the administration, its economic,

Camel-drawn plow in a semi-arid area in Baluchistan.



An East Pakistani woman patient, Dacca.

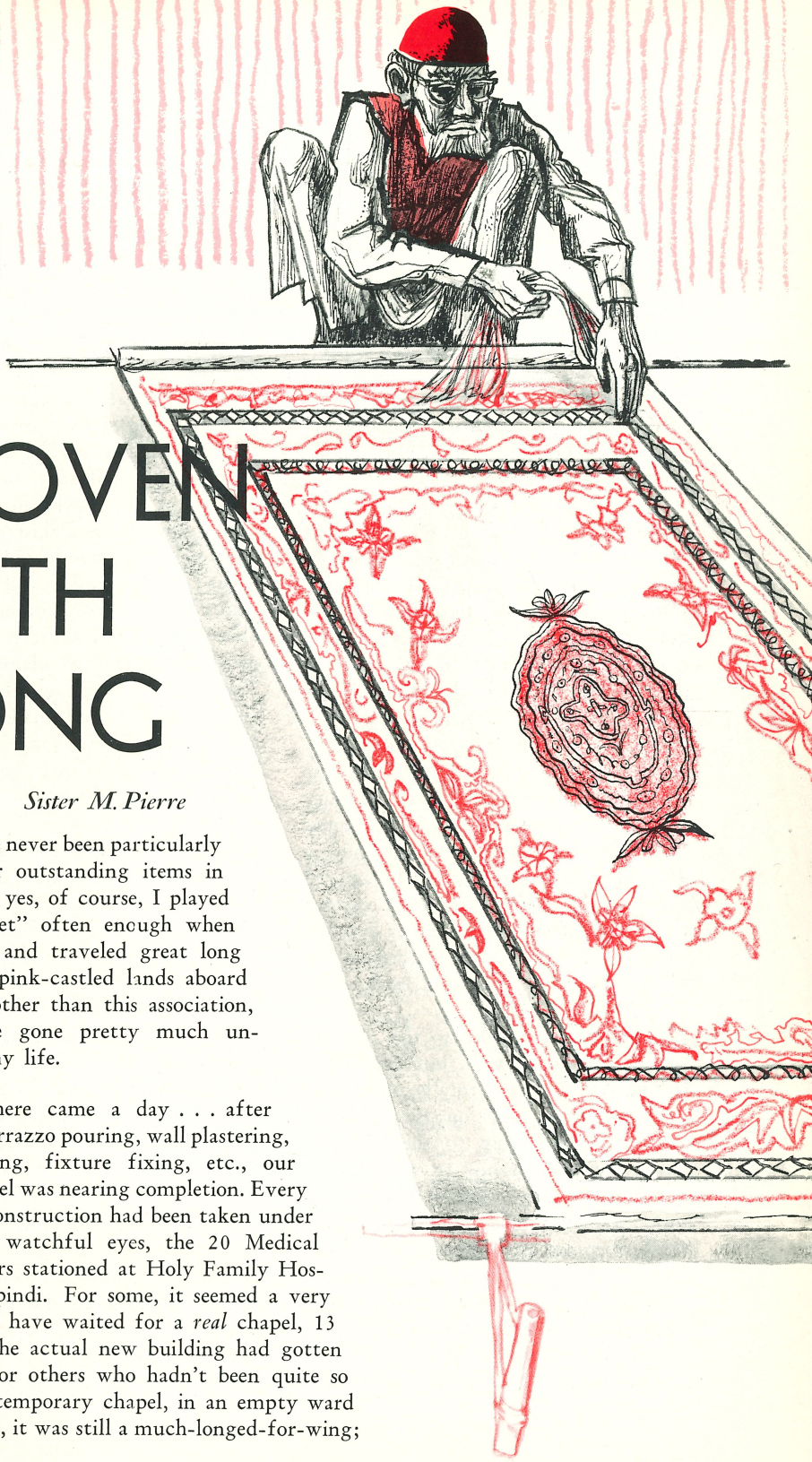
industrial, social development, its education, . . . But the people of Pakistan did not wait for the wounds of partition to be healed before handling the gigantic task of building a nation. Animated by a strong faith in the mission of Islam, they pooled their energies and their determination to make of the country an economically viable state and a model of Islamic culture. The Qur'-an, which the Prophet Muhammad 13 centuries ago left to his followers as a religious and social guide, extolls the dignity of Man in the world of God: Man is Allah's servant and His vice-regent here on earth. To man devolves the duty of proclaiming before mankind God's supreme rights over men and His absolute unity: *"La Ilaha ill'llah"*. There is no God but Allah.

Conscious always of this high dignity of man and of his function in human society, Pakistan as a nation is working with might and main to better the status of its inhabitants. In every sphere therefore great efforts are made to improve the lot of all: agriculture on which the economic structure of the nation depends, is being rationalised; industry is encouraged at all levels and numerous new factories are being erected everywhere to utilize the local resources; education is being brought in line with the needs of the nation and the Islamic ideal it has set before itself; social reforms go hand in hand with development in other fields: women are brought out of seclusion and given in society a place next to their men; history, philosophy, the arts are called in to work for the betterment of the young Pakistani and assigned the task of re-discovering the true spirit of Islam. Even the religion of Islam is to be sloughed of its old-fashioned and tattered garb and given a new outfit more suited to our atomic times; it may then perhaps be made to appeal to the sophisticated and sceptic modern mind as it did to the Beduins of the Arabian desert in the VIIth century.

All these changes evidently did not go without pain. Human failures also were many. Independence brought in its wake new temptations especially for politicians, and in recent years political ambitions and quarrels between factions threatened to undo what had been achieved at great cost. Realizing the danger a man stepped in to take control of the situation, Field-Marshall Muhammad Ayub Khan. In October, 1958 the then President of Pakistan, Major Iskandar Mirza, dismissed the Government, suspended the constitution and imposed military rule over the whole country. Gen. M. Ayub Khan was made Chief Martial Law Administrator; at the end of the month General Mirza resigned his office and General Ayub Khan assumed the Presidentship. With remarkable courage and daring, the General raged war against corruption and inefficiency; in a short time Pakistan was set on the right road again, the road of progress and happiness. In recognition for the services rendered to the nation the General was given the title of Field-Marshall.

THE PRIMARY TASK OF THE CHURCH IS THE MISSIONS

(Pope John XXIII)



WOVEN WITH SONG

Sister M. Pierre

Carpets have never been particularly auspicious or outstanding items in my life. Oh yes, of course, I played "magic carpet" often enough when I was small and traveled great long journeys to pink-castled lands aboard them. But other than this association, carpets have gone pretty much unnoticed in my life.

However, there came a day . . . after months of terrazzo pouring, wall plastering, electric wiring, fixture fixing, etc., our hospital chapel was nearing completion. Every step of the construction had been taken under 20 pairs of watchful eyes, the 20 Medical Mission Sisters stationed at Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi. For some, it seemed a very long time to have waited for a *real* chapel, 13 years since the actual new building had gotten underway; for others who hadn't been quite so long in the temporary chapel, in an empty ward on first floor, it was still a much-longed-for-wing;

for each one, a furnished and fitting house for the Lord was an ardent desire.

The first step — and it proved just how American we really were — was to get out an old Sears Roebuck catalogue to look up possible styles, patterns, designs which might be featured on their rug pages. After a good bit of feminine conversation, we hit upon a small, two by two inch square picture of a linoleum block which looked like a good basis on which to build our rug — soft colors, simple pattern, etc.

All the Sisters knew, of course, that we were intent on this carpet business; so when a maternity patient registered and gave her husband's occupation as that of a carpet-factory-owner, the admitting Sister hurried to tell me that this might be just the contact we needed. I met the husband during visiting hours that evening, and when I explained our need for a beautiful rug for the chapel, his eyes lit up. The fact that it was going to serve in the house of God made a big difference to him, a naturally pious Muslim, and he assured us it would be given the most careful workmanship possible. We set a date for our going to his factory to discuss the whole problem and parted friends.

I had thought I knew the city of Rawalpindi pretty well, but the carpet factory took me to a totally unfamiliar section at the very opposite side of town. We drove up to the big gate which barred entrance to the factory and did as the sign said — sounded our horn. Soon, a head appeared through a small opening and disappeared immediately, obviously to spread the word that the hospital Sisters had arrived The usual procedure, we learned later, was for customers to do all their selecting and deciding at a shop in the main bazaar, not coming near the factory at all. Visitors were a rarity, Sisters, even more so. Hence, the stir we caused.

Very shortly the gate was opened and our friend, Ikram Ullah, smiles from ear to ear, appeared to welcome us. His wife and brand new son were already safely entrenched at home after their hospital stay; so before any other business, we had to check on the welfare of both. The factory set-up included a rambling apartment-like building where women and children, the wives and families of the workmen, lived. (The carpet makers in Pakistan are mostly Kashmiris who were forced to leave their beautiful hill country and settle on the plains during a great famine.) They have kept their art a closed secret within their own families and live clanishly together. The baby was fine, gurgled a reply to our attentions, and made both Mama and Papa beam with joy. He gave every promise of a strong healthy carpet maker for the future!

We moved across the compound to a small office where piles of small rugs were stacked up along the walls. It was easy to admire their rich colors, fine weave, nap, etc. The men were justly proud of their wares and pleased that we appreciated them. At this point we produced our Sears Roebuck sample, pointing out to the men the overall design and soft colors. In a group they studied the scrap of paper and then took it to a wizened up little fellow hunched over a high table out in the sunlight.

Stretched out on the table before him was a paper with a highly intricate picture of a peacock in a colorful fantasy world. He was in the process of repeating it color by color on small-blocked paper until the whole design would be copied in such a way as to be

able to count the blocks of various colors. This pattern would then be written by a special color-code on another piece of paper, and this in turn passed on to the weavers. He studied our pattern for a minute, showed us quickly the four colors of the design that would come out when copied and assured us it would present no problems. (His task of translating the design on to the block paper was essential before the weavers could reproduce the pattern.) I wondered at the time how many men could match the patience and concern for detail which filled each day of this artist's life. He nodded to us and turned back at once to his seemingly endless blocks, part of which were beginning to resemble the peacock's tail.

Choosing the quality of wool to be used, our next hurdle, entailed entering another room where skeins of yarn lay in profusion, all about. Ikram Ullah gave professional advice for this decision, but to select the exact colors which we wanted to blend with the terrazzo floor in the chapel, meant that Ikram would have to come to the hospital himself, and match the samples on the spot. We must have made a funny looking pair the following afternoon, down on all fours in the empty chapel with scraps of yarn around us, our heads turning this way and that to select the colors just right. The deep red, gold, and black were fine but neither of us was satisfied with the green. "This one," he remarked, holding out the best green bit, "has to be about two annas (cents) worth more green", studying the piece with a professional eye while he talked. I knew exactly what he meant, although I couldn't help but smile at his way of putting it. Before leaving he informed us we could come to the factory the next week to see our rug on the loom.

The factory had been at one time a repair shop for buses, so the main shed was divided into stalls large enough to house an ordinary bus. Traces of grease and the smell of oil could still be detected. Into these crude settings, the Kashmiris brought their looms and simple tools with which they transformed the colored balls of yarn into gorgeous, intricately executed rugs, rich and durable. We were taken into the dimly-lit "stall" where our rug was on the loom, there to be introduced to an amazing world of threads, yarns, weavers, and song.

Squatting on a low bench in front of the six foot loom were four young boys between five and ten years of age whose deft fingers were moving in and out of the warp, the vertical threads of the rug, with machine-like speed and dexterity. Over their heads hung balls of yarn of the colors we had picked for our rug and each boy reached for his own particular color ball according to the pattern. Nearby stood an older man, glasses far down on his nose, studying a scrap of paper in his hand. It looked a bit like notes of music scribbled across it; and as he studied it, he sang out a language to the boys which they picked up and repeated in much the same tone. This "song" that he sang was the actual pattern for the rug and what looked like musical notes on the paper were symbols for the various colors being used. It was a language, a tone, a secret melody all his own and no matter how closely I listened, I couldn't detect its message.

Each boy was responsible for a two foot width of the warp in front of him. As his part of the pattern was sung to him, he echoed the song and just as quickly his fingers carried out the minute instructions. One or two threads of the vertical warp would be grasped,

the colored yarn knotted around them and then cut with a small half-moon shaped knife which each boy held almost hidden in the palm of his hand. This three stage action, grasping, knotting and cutting, was done in one rhythmic motion, without a break in its smoothness. When each boy's particular section was finished and the song had moved on to the next weaver, the newly-inserted wool would be beaten tightly into place with a special wooden comb whose three inch teeth reached between the threads of the warp. Then, with a dull-nosed scissors, the pile of the yarn was evened off and the boy waited for his next song-message.

I stood fascinated and amazed at the display before me, my eyes moving from "singers" to the gorgeous "song" which was coming alive on the loom. Already, its pattern could be detected although the rug was only in its beginning stage. It would take three months before it would be woven, trimmed to uniform half-inch nap, bleached and washed, and the finished product spread out in all its beauty on our sanctuary floor.

And one morning, our rug "song" was there, before the Lord, high-lighting the beauty of the new polished sanctuary. As I looked at it, I thought of David dancing in the presence of the Ark and wondered if the Kashmiri's "song" before our Tabernacle would not also be pleasing to the God who created both. Ikram Ullah came too, to see it and his smile was that of an artisan who has done his task well. The work might well be named "woven with song."

R. I. P.

Please pray for our benefactors recently deceased:

Joseph Cardinal Wendel, Munich, Germany

Most Rev. John McNamara, Auxiliary Bishop, Washington, D.C.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. George E. Ryan, St. Paul, Minn.

Rev. Francis J. Boland, C.S.C., New York, N.Y.

Rev. Wm. F. Cunningham, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind.

Rev. Herman Haeck, S.J., Rome, Italy

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Dr. Thomas Dooley, St. Louis, Missouri.

Mr. Frederick Du Vally, Providence, R.I. (Brother of Sister Madeline Sophie, S.C.M.M.)

Mrs. Mary Franzen, Phila., Pa.

Mr. Edgar Freeman, Red Bluff, Calif. (Father of Sister M. Samuel, S.C.M.M.)

Mrs. Annie Hanna, Pawtucket, R.I.

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Mrs. Kathleen McCafrey, Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Mrs. Frances Petry, Floral Park, N.Y.

Mr. Maurice P. Pomes, Sr., New Orleans, La. (Father of Sister M. Maurice, S.C.M.M.)

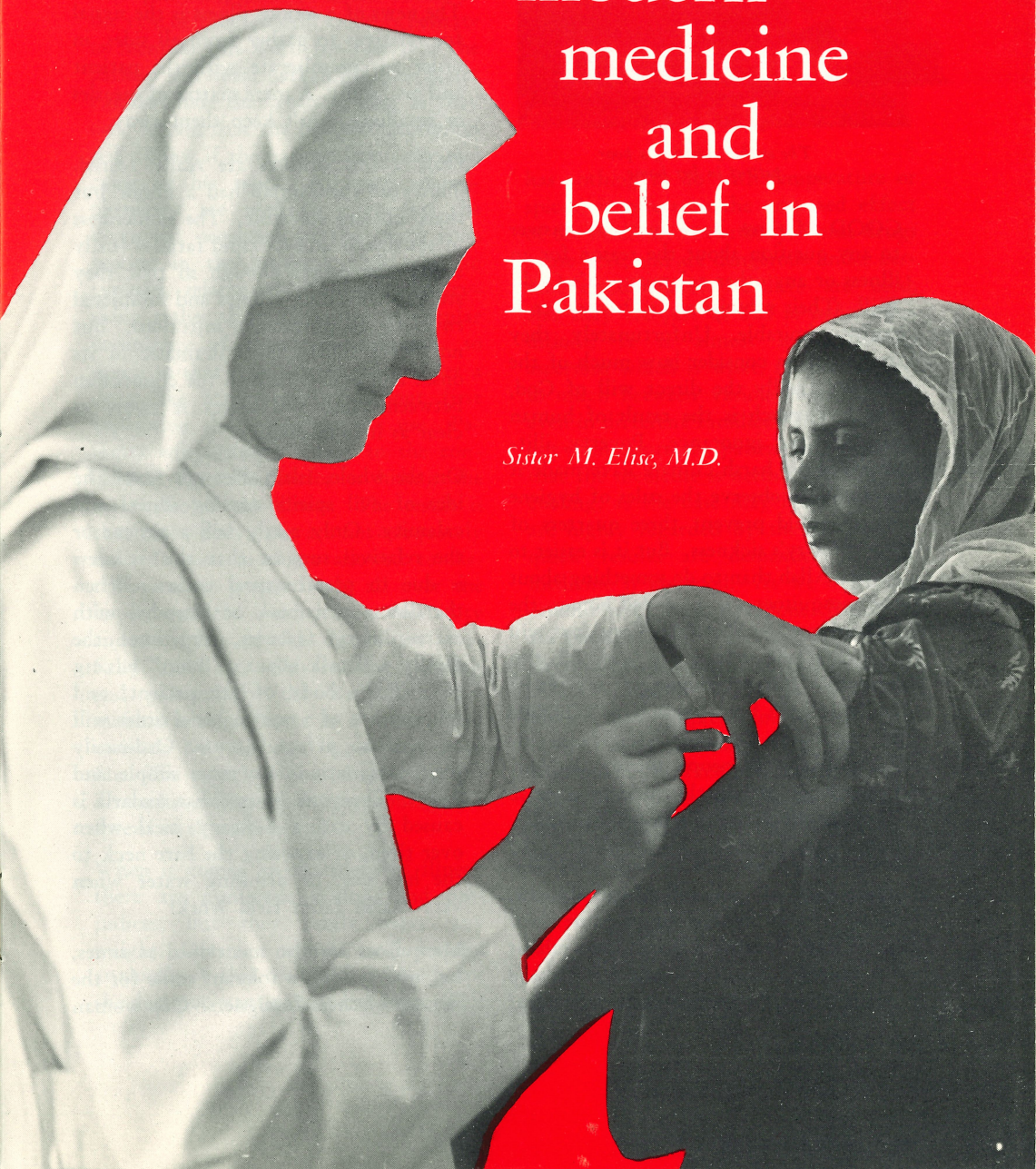
Mr. Richard Reid, New Rochelle, N.Y.

Mr. Frederick J. Scannell, Cork, Ireland

Mr. John Zimmerman, Queens Village, N.Y.

modern medicine and belief in Pakistan

Sister M. Elise, M.D.



The author, visiting a poor patient in her home

GOOD Muslims have but one answer to any question about the reason for an illness or any other calamity: It's God's Will. Their submission to Providence is truly admirable. Unfortunately they do not often consider how much of the illness is really the direct will of God, and how much is the result of human mistakes and ignorance. Poverty, illiteracy, and a harsh climate have made it difficult to observe the rules of hygiene which could prevent three quarters of the country's sickness. But it is easier to invoke Allah than to do something about the mosquitoes, the crowded homes, the lack of sewage disposal. Very few will ever ask themselves: "How did this happen? What brought it on? How could it have been prevented?" Habits of fatalistic thought have been ingrained into the people during the centuries when very little could be done to improve the lot of the poor.

Educated Pakistanis accept the explanations of science about disease, though it is interesting to note how often their grandmothers' ideas about the causes of illness will come to the top when they themselves get sick. Our nurses, for instance, know all about germs and infection, but when *they* get a cold, and the cough hangs on a long time, it is because they ate oranges on an empty stomach! The ordinary people have hardly begun to accept the germ theory. To isolate a patient with an infectious disease goes counter to all their ideas of how to treat, encourage, support and sympathize with a sufferer. The news of a serious illness is the signal for relatives to gather from all sides, in order to commiserate with the patient and his family. A mere matter of measles or smallpox won't keep them away.

Only a few diseases are really feared. This year the Punjab had a minor but sharp cholera epidemic. The suddenness of the disease and its rapid fatality really scared the people enough so that they stopped travelling around and submitted *en masse* to preventive injections. But not every disease is as dramatic in its onset and course, and so the connection between cause and effect is rarely as clear as it is in cholera.

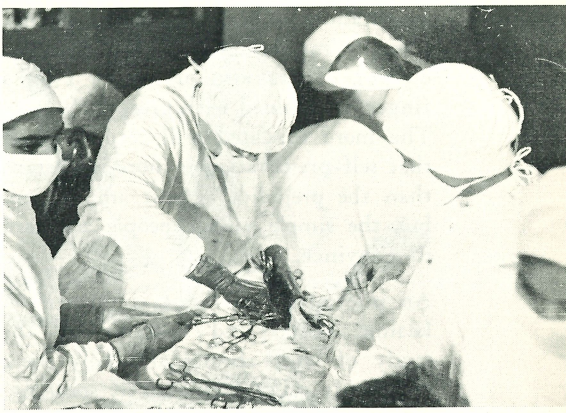
On the whole, Islam does not favor the idea of evil spirits causing illness and calamity. Only rarely will a patient or the relatives suggest that this sickness is due to preternatural causes. When the illness is mental, or attended with extraordinary features, sometimes the family will talk about a "bhut" having entered the body of the patient, and other means of a non-material order will be used to effect a cure. Ordinarily their explanations are more simple and direct. Everyone knows that malaria is caused by eating a heavy meal when over tired, or exposing the bare neck to the hot sun, or drinking water when very warm from field work!

Mosquitoes are also mentioned at times, but mostly with a tolerant smile for the notions of these foreigners. One woman

saw a much enlarged picture of a mosquito in our Outpatient Department. One of the Sisters noticed her looking at it and gave her a powerful dissertation on the dangers of the malaria-carrying mosquitoes. Said the woman, pityingly: "But, Sister, we don't have animals *that* size flying around in this country!"

The strongest resistance against sensible and open acceptance of illness occurs in the case of tuberculosis. Doctors hesitate to mention this word for fear that the patient will never darken his door again. Families hide the truth as long as they can, certain that the blackest depression will follow if the patient learns the real cause of his fever. All sorts of euphemisms are used to cover up the diagnosis: weakness of the chest, congestion in the lungs, a chill, chronic typhoid, relapse of pneumonia, everything rather than the truth. A regular conspiracy of silence is common, so much so that it is dangerous to order a drug like Streptomycin without first explaining the reason for its use. Patients will instantly jump to the conclusion that the doctor is hiding the real cause of the illness. The result is that often early cases are not adequately treated; open cases are allowed to distribute their germs freely all over the house; and the statistics on morbidity and mortality of this disease are woefully incorrect. Government officials and particularly the Red Cross are making heroic efforts to overcome this attitude but without signal success so far. The ostrich habits of ignoring this illness have done much to encourage the spread of this disease.

When it comes to treatment of illness, there are numerous notions and prejudices, but they rarely carry any weight. Often a woman will inquire anxiously if this medicine is "hot", for she does not want to lose her baby. This



Sister M. Elise, M.D. operating at Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi, W. Pakistan.

has nothing to do with temperature or spices; it refers to the supposed effect of the medicine in the body. Some drugs cause heat, and are dangerous under certain circumstances. Others are cold, and they are just as bad in *other* conditions. It is almost impossible to ascertain which is what, since it differs so much between various localities and even in different families. The best way out is to assure the patient, in all truth, that the medicine is neither heating nor cooling, as the case may be. Injections are highly regarded by the people, but quick results are demanded, or the medicine is no good. As we often say around here, you get just one chance: if the patient is not better in two or three days, either the medicine or the doctor will be changed. But those who have known our hospital for a long time often show touching faith and confidence, in the face of opposition from relatives and neighbors, even when results are long in showing themselves.

This is even more remarkable in the matter of operations. Hardly any of the simple people have an idea of anatomy or disease processes, but, "if you say so, then the operation must be done." The chief exception is that of

amputations. The Koran is strongly opposed to mutilation, and permission for cutting off an arm or leg, or even a finger, is obtained with great difficulty. The more educated will readily admit that self-preservation is more important than the prejudice against amputation, but the simple village people are hard to convince.

An interesting side-light is thrown on Islamic beliefs and customs by the study of their shrines and holy men, commonly called Pirs. Strictly speaking, we would not expect much inclination towards pilgrimages, prayers at holy places, devotion to wonder-doing saints, etc. The marked fatalism of the Muslim peoples would act as a deterrent of these practices. But human nature is stronger than books and theories. Visits to the shrines of holy men who have died with great reputations for their interest in suffering humanity are actually very common. While the living Pirs are mostly consulted on matters of conduct, decisions about the future, advice for marriages and settlement of lawsuits, the tombs of the dead ones are besieged by the sick and their families, seeking cures or at least relief from suffering. One day, while on a picnic, we were taken to the tomb of a local Pir, on top of a sizable hill. He was specially recommended for eye diseases. When we asked if many people had been healed, there was a rather awkward pause. Obviously no one would claim outright miracles. Yet the people keep coming, and they seem to feel helped and consoled when they have rubbed the dust from the tomb into their eyes.

On the way down the hill, our guide called our attention to the many sticks of dead wood which were lying around under the trees. In a country so chronically hard up for firewood, that is indeed a most unusual sight. We were then told that the Pir had commanded that only the watchman of the tomb and his family were allowed to pick up the wood. Anyone else who touched a piece would become blind. Maybe everyone does not believe it, but no one will take the chance.

Slowly but steadily education and economic improvements are doing away with the traditions which hamper normal health and growth. One of those is the still common practice of purdah, or strict seclusion of women. This custom has taken its toll of ill-health, osteomalacia; rapid spread of tuberculosis, anemia, neurosis and stunted mental development. Yet many women are loathe to give up their old customs, and look down on their more emancipated sisters. But the trend towards loosening of the bonds is unmistakable, and it is only a question of time for purdah to disappear entirely. The women of Pakistan have begun to join in the fight for better health and improved living conditions.

YOUR WILL

can help the Medical Mission Sisters bring health and healing to the sick and suffering of mission lands. The following approved form of bequest may be used:

"I hereby give (devise) and bequeath to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries (also known as the Medical Mission Sisters), an institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland, and its successors forever the sum of $.....for its purposes,"

If you have already made your will, it is not necessary to make a new one. It is sufficient that a codicil be added, using the above.

TRY THIS ONE

Pakistani recipes • Sr. M. Angela

Bread may be the staff of life almost everywhere else in the world, but in Bengal it's rice. Frequently a patient will tell Sister, "I haven't eaten a thing," only to have her discover after further investigation that he has eaten several biscuits, nibbled on a banana, and sipped a cup of tea. The only food that counts, however, is rice.

When I first came to East Pakistan I had planned a picnic for our student nurses. We would carry their rice and curry in large kettles. And since it was a festive occasion, their first big outing, I told them to name their favorite dessert and whatever it was we would make it. Without a moment's hesitation the answer came back — rice pudding!

Ordinarily the poor people eat the brown unpolished rice. Whereas the wealthy people have a variety of finer grades, each with a very delicate but distinct flavor. For festive occasions it can be dressed up by adding saffron. On occasions such as weddings, the rice may be further embellished by adding bleached, sliced almonds, pistachio nuts, and raisins and garnished with a sprinkling of gold or silver dust.

Nowadays, I think many American housewives are familiar with *pilau,* a popular Muslim rice dish. Here is a recipe geared for Minute rice. Here we use the slow cooking variety.

PILAU

3 lbs. chicken cut into medium pieces
1 tbs. garlic crushed
½ tsp. powdered ginger
2¼ tsp. black pepper
2 medium onions
4 tbs. lemon juice
5 tbs. butter
1½ lbs. cooked rice
8 cloves
3 medium tomatoes diced
1 cup peas.
Cut the chicken into medium pieces.

With a mortar and pestle make a paste of the garlic (add a little salt to help grind the garlic), ginger, pepper and onions. Rub the mixture into the chicken and sprinkle with lemon juice. Set aside for 1 hour. Melt the butter in a heavy casserole and fry the chicken in this. Mix in the cooked rice, cloves, salt and vegetables. Heat and serve. Serves about six.

Normally curry (it may be vegetable, egg, meat or fish) is served with rice. Nothing can compare with the flavor of freshly ground spices. The same results can never be achieved using powder. The precise grinding and blending of the ginger root, garlic, cummin, tummerin, and red chilli occupy a large part of the village woman's day. Sometimes a delicious sauce of "coconut milk" is added to the curry just before serving. This is made by scraping and grinding a fresh coconut. Boiling water is poured over the grated coconut. After it has cooled a little it is squeezed through a muslin cloth yielding frothy topping for the curry.

A holiday of special feasting for the Muslims is *Eed-ul-Fitr* which marks the end of the Ramazan fast. During the month of Ramazan no food or drink is taken between sunrise and sunset. The signal to initiate *Eed* celebrations is the sickle moon first sighted on the horizon.

Everyone tries to have new clothes for the Feast. Those unable to acquire them wear freshly laundered ones. The women must see that the dishes of the feast are cooked in good time for their menfolk's return from the public prayers. The women themselves, of course, are decked in their new finery, hands and feet being dyed red with henna the previous night.

It is a day when everyone goes out visiting. The greeting is "*Eed Mubarak*" (May you enjoy this great day). The traditional sweet "*saywai*" made of vermicelli cooked in sugar syrup has been prepared and is offered to every visitor, as is a dash of perfume.

Here are a few recipes for sweets, you would find in a Muslim home on such an occasion. As you will see the basic ingredients are simple enough so that even the poor families can afford to offer some.

HALVA

½ cup ground rice
1 cup sugar
½ cup butter
1 tbs. saffron
rose water

Make the sugar into a thick syrup adding water. Melt the butter and stir in the rice and syrup. Fry well. Soak the saffron in hot water and add it to the pan. Cook gently for 15 min. stirring all the time. Cool, add rose water (a few drops). When hard cut into large round pieces.

This is a basic recipe and has many variations. Ground almonds may be substituted for the rice, omitting the saffron. Americans wouldn't particularly care for the rose water flavoring but it is very popular here in Pakistan.

Another substitution is plain flour for the ground rice and the addition of dried fruits and nuts. This is a particular Muslim favorite called "Halva sabani."

PURIS

2 cups flour
¼ cup shortening, more or less

Cut the shortening into the flour and mix as for biscuits. Pinch off a piece, the size of a walnut and roll it into a flat cake about 4" diameter. Fold this over twice and roll it out again. This is repeated for three times. A teaspoon of cardamon seeds can be mixed into the dough if desired.

These cakes are dropped into deep fat and fried until they are light brown.

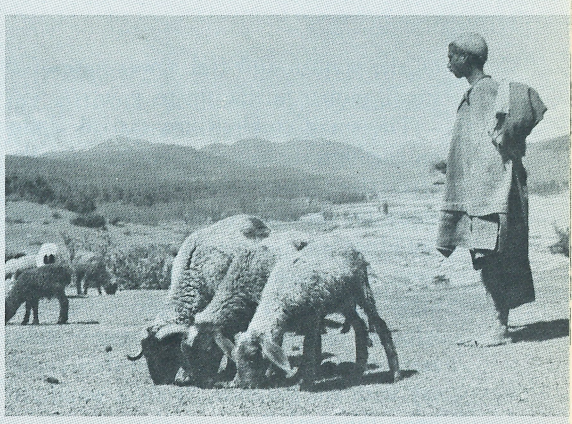
Puris are served as a side dish at the main meal as we would serve bread or crackers. They are also eaten between meals, especially at tea time.

RASHAGULLAS

2 pints milk
Juice of large lemon
¼ lb. small lump sugar
Rose water
Sugar syrup (hot)

Bring milk to boil and add the lemon juice. The milk is then separated. Strain through better muslin and allow to cool. (Add a few drops rose water, if desired). Shape the curd into balls, placing a lump of sugar in each. Add them to syrup and cook gently for 10 minutes.

a DAY *in the* VILLAGE



Sister M. Julia

It is a glorious Sunday morning. The low rays of the early sun pick out every dew drop and transform our front lawn into a sparkling field. Our jeep station wagon is at the front door and our host for the day, Mr. Rahim, is waiting to guide us. At last, at last, we are off to Mangril! For many months we had promised Mr. Rahim, our friend and benefactor, to spend a day at his village, some thirty miles from here. Mr. Rahim is the headmaster of a central high school for some two hundred lads. He speaks English as we do — only better — wears Western-style clothes and glasses, and is looked on by the people of his area as their leader and spokesman. On our little trip, he will be our teacher too: every detail of the village life is known to him. For, while he is an educated man of the twentieth century, his roots are still in the village life and he loves his people.

As we ride smoothly over the road we see sheep, hundreds of them, dotting the hillsides, and shepherds in their midst. Yes, it almost seems like the countryside in the states, until you see the people. Then you could be in the Holy Land, in Biblical times. These are true nomads, people that come every winter from Kashmir and return in the warm season. Our host explains that they are a hardy people, living in caves at night when they can find these shelters. We see such a cave — rather a hole in the mountain — and I am sure that Bethlehem was not unlike this.

We stop a group of shepherds on the road; a whole family and their earthly possessions are on the move. These are the Powindas, dark-eyed people with shy and beautiful smiles. The women have big bundles and brass pots on their heads. Everyone has some kind of bundle, as there are no beasts of burden but only the people and their goats. The newly born kids cannot keep up with the flock, and they peek out from the loose clothes of the women and men. It is a delightful surprise to be talking with one of the women and feel a wet nose of a small animal nuzzle up to you.

of the women and feel a wet nose of a small animal nuzzle up to you.

The small children are carried along on the hips of their mother. Particularly attractive about the infants jogging along on the open road is their peculiar headdress — a cap that leaves the face open and comes to a point over their ears. Whence these people come and whither they go no one knows — they are a shifting population, and they could say with the Psalmist, "I am a wanderer upon the earth."

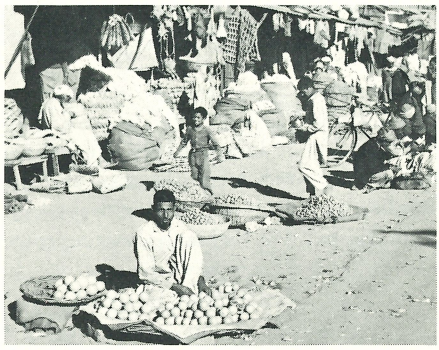
Further on we spy another group living in the great outdoors — an encampment of Pathans, including tents, people, and camels. We stop and in no time we are surrounded by laughing and shouting women and children.

Sr. Bernadette exclaims, "Why, these are our Pathans. Remember Bulbul? She came from this tribe. Where is Bulbul?" And with more shouting and joking, Bulbul, barefoot and blonde is pushed forward. Bulbul means "nightingale". This little girl was a patient for several months in our hospital while she was undergoing bone surgery. I had marvelled at the discipline of her relatives, who although used to the free life of the Pathans, were able to keep the hospital restrictions.

At present the tribe was using their camels to move stones found in river beds and used in construction. These people are more advanced than the Powindas; they have the shelter of tents and employ pack animals.

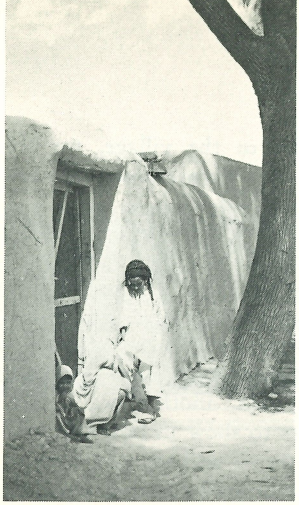
Near our destination we pass a conglomeration of small shops and open-air stores, all contiguous with each other, with chickens running underfoot, men smoking the hookah, and the ever-present children weaving in and out of the crowds. We stop to see a former patient and renew our friendship with his family. The patient, a 14-year-old boy named *Ghulam Nabi* (slave of the prophet) had been in the hospital almost a year with tuberculosis of the spine. During this period he lay with his feet high above his head to immobilize the spine. The reward of his patience (and daily streptomycin injections) was that he can now walk: before he had been paralyzed and faced the life of an invalid.

Naturally when the boy sees us he is all smiles and joyfully leads us into his



compound, a little space behind some of the shops. His father is there to greet us, an old blind man sitting in the sun. When Ghulam's mother, *Dunia Bibi* sees Sr. Bernadette, she embraces her and cries for joy. *Dunia* comes to the dispensary now and then and is always warmly greeted by Sr. Bernadette. In a way, both Sister and *Dunia* are displaced persons. Sister is originally from Hungary. *Dunia* came to the Punjab from Afghanistan with her husband, not knowing the language and with no friends but her husband's family.

As we are again piling into our jeep, another old friend comes up to us (his children had been in the hospital). It is good to see again his smiling face in this hinterland. He profers us hospitality — we could have taken gallons of tea had we wanted it — but we decline. I will always remember his parting remark, "Isn't it a shame that you are leaving and I haven't given you any service." This is a hint of what lies ahead.



Typical village home West Pakistan.

Sister-doctor, Sr. M. Elise, offers to see any patients, declining the mountain, which she has climbed before.

So we blithely set out — Mr. Rahim and the four of us. We can see our destination — a white speck on a distant hill. This is a mausoleum, the grave of an unknown "saint," which has now become a pilgrimage for those who suffer from diseases. From our hamlet

(Left) Pakistani Bazaar.

Sister M. Julia with Muslim patient and her children.

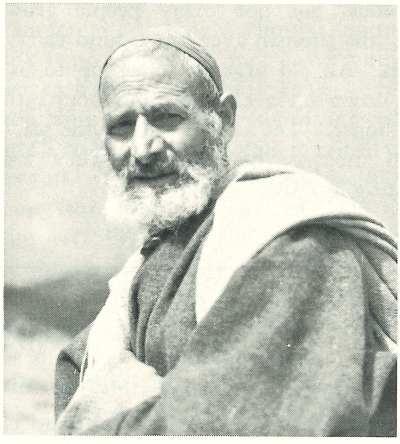
Pakistani girl carrying water from village well.

Before we even reach our village, we see children of assorted sizes fly out of their houses and run toward us. Since this initial greeting is offered before the car has even come to a stop, you can imagine the welcome we finally get. Some of the children are our host's — he has many girls and one boy. We follow the children through the maze of mud walls and houses that form all the villages in the Punjab. Perhaps about fifty souls live in this one, and there are about a dozen houses, though it is difficult to tell where one house begins and the next starts.

A young girl and a woman serve all our meals, and the men stay away completely while we dine. This leave-alone policy, so different from the hospitality I had previously known, is a mark of respect.

Tea is cleared away, and our host proposes the day's agenda — we will walk to a small mountain, return for lunch and then visit the villagers. Our

Venerable-looking Kashmiri. Not many people grow old.



it is an hour's walk, and we make our way slowly through the fields. It is a gentle ascent, and from the top you can see the winter wheat just pushing through the earth. "The seed is the Word of God." If you want to make a meditation on potency and act, just look at the wheat — fragile, translucent spears pushing through the heavy clod of Punjab earth. Each little grain pushes and pushes, and in a few months the fields will be transformed into the waving sea of life-sustaining wheat.

At last, the top of the hill and the white-domed mausoleum. Inside the shrine itself is a single tomb over which hangs bright pieces of cloth similar to a colored clothesline. Every Thursday people from miles away climb this same hill, seeking cure for their blindness.

We come out of the dimly lit mausoleum, and we meet a young boy with running sore eyes. Since it is not Thursday, we wonder why he has come. Mr. Rahim tells him that the Sister-doctor is at his village and will give him medicine for his eyes. Sure enough, later in the day, the boy turns up. Thanks to modern medicine, his sight will be saved.

We return home from the other side of the mountain, and meet friendly villagers. The old people here are just precious, but not many people grow old: the lifespan averages around thirty years. An old granny comes up to us, sits down on a charpoy and points to her house. "Let me give you some tea." "No, no, we have to go. They are waiting for us."

Back at last to the village, we are ready for dinner. Before dining we are given a pitcher and basin to wash our hands. Lo and behold, a bar of Lifebuoy soap — the first I'd seen on the Eastern hemisphere. The hospitality of our hosts is thoughtful to the smallest details.

After fortifying the inner women, we are ready for another walk. Mr. Rahim appears to show us how the people make butter — and we see a woman sitting on the ground rotating a paddle by pulling both ends of a rope tied around it. In a place where there is no cold storage, butter is a luxury. We also see how the people grind wheat in a small ancient hand mill. Our tour of the village then takes us to the river nearby, where a larger mill is in operation grinding the grain.

The memory I will always keep of our little outing is that of a woman stooping in the sand, grubbing for occasional grass to bring home to her buffalo. We pass her in the dusk on our way back from the mill, the most peaceful time in this peaceful place. Near the woman is a small child, barely able to walk who toddles along and grabs a few blades of grass and gives them to her mother. We nod to the woman and she raises her head. In her sun-browned face is a pair of pure blue eyes, the kind that make you think of Swedish sailors or Irish cops. Where she got them is a secret of genetics, but it points to the far-off progenitors of this race that stay near the soil and does not change its ways.

NEW INDEX

The 1960 Index to the *Medical Missionary Magazine* is available on request.

Please send eight cents postage.

NEWS FROM OUR HOUSES

PAKISTAN Hair Styles

Today, the Pakistani teenagers are changing from the traditional long braids to modern hair-dos. One sees wind-blowns and pixies on girls in shalwar chemise dress, with *dopatta* (veil) over their shoulders. One of our employees, a young Muslim girl, breezes in to work in the mornings, in a *burkha*. Once inside, the *burkha* goes off, to show her hair done up in pony tail style.

Our supervisor of maintenance has some growing daughters. He will not let them "do their hair modern." I tried to help the girls by telling him that the new hair styles are nice and that there is nothing wrong in bobbing hair, and that he is old fashioned. No use. They are still wearing their hair in long braids, with tassels entwined in the ends, envying their schoolmates who are trying out the modern fashions.

Sister M. Dolores, B.S.N.
Holy Family Hospital, Karachi, W. Pakistan

PAKISTAN The Muslim Fast

We arrived in Karachi in the month of Ramazan. For the Muslims it means a strict fast from sunrise to sunset. Even drink is prohibited, in fact some will not even come for injections which they consider to have a nourishing value. Everything is handled quite officially with the sounding of a whistle signifying when they can start, or stop eating. No one is forced to keep the fast but it is edifying to watch the number that do, even the older folk who look so tired and sick. On my first trip to the "bazaar" I noticed some store windows covered over with large pieces of cloth. All of them were eating establishments which were covered to keep those who were fasting from being tempted. Even daily newspaper articles encourage the people in their good efforts. The appearance of the new moon ends the fast and the feasting begins. In some distant villages where the moon may have been missed they fast an extra day to be sure they fulfill their duty.

Sister Marie Joan, R.M.T.,
Dacca, E. Pakistan

INDIA Too Late

We had a sad death today. A week earlier a little girl was brought in with severe pneumonia. After many sacrifices of goats and chickens to the spirits, her family finally sought medical advice. With penicillin and streptomycin she improved a great deal; her fever fell and she began to eat well. Then suddenly she died, without apparent cause. Now the parents think it is because they displeased the spirits by bringing her to a hospital, and they will have to offer more sacrifices.

Sister M. Frederic, M.D.,
Holy Family Hospital, Kurji, India

INDIA Best Dressed Man

It all started with one little Prem Lila having a birthday, and flowers in her hair. So we all admired her prettiness and she sang a song for us: (Zachariah sat up in the tree, the Good Lord passing for to see.) About ten of her friends had joined her by this time. So they played ball, looked at the Bible and all the picture books we had, fought a little, cried a little, ate a little and ended with a picnic at the "EMPRESS GARDENS." Nothing but the best. They played a little and then all sat down to home-made chappattis, dal, sweets (candy) and water to end the "party." One little fellow came leading a very shy reluctant little JOE by the hand, "Sister," he said "today he really needs a pair of pants!" Sure enough it was all bare bottom! So we did the needful, sewed together a few scraps of cloth and had a fitting. Now he is the best dressed man in town!

Sister M. David,
Holy Family Hospital, Bombay, India

PAKISTAN A Veil for the Groom

We had a good walk to the village on Sunday. We encountered a wedding there and were invited to watch the proceedings. It was a very fancy one with a tartan-clad band, bag pipes, drums and all, preceding the groom on his white horse, his face covered with a tinsel veil and smothered in garlands. It was wonderfully colorful.

We plan to go to Taxilla next. I will be so interested in the ruins, and in the eye hospital, too. It's wonderful to see these places after hearing and reading about them for so long.

Sister M. Sarah,
Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi, W. Pakistan

Sacred Lake
Lake Bostumtwe
Near Kumasi, Ghana

AFRICA Sacred Lake

While at Kokofu for vacation, we went on two picnics both above Bosumtwi Lake, but at very different sites. I don't recall the number of miles we were from the sacred lake at our first site, but it was a direct decline of several miles. At the second site we were only about a mile above the lakeside even though we were directly across the lake from our previous site. The lake is approximately five miles wide and seven miles long. It has no outlet and rises a little each year. Scientists attribute its origin to a volcano crater. It is supposed to be the only one of its kind in the world. The people believe that a fetish lives in the lake, therefore no one may cross it. All must travel around it. No boats are allowed.

Sister M. de Montfort, R.N.
Holy Family Hospital, Techiman, Ghana

SOUTH VIETNAM Refugees

Here in Quinhon there is a small fishing village and also an army station near us. We can almost regulate our day with the blowing of the bugle in one camp near the hospital. In back of the hospital there is a refugee settlement of perhaps four or five hundred people. Most of them are Catholics who have fled the Communists in the North. Although their way of life is very simple with no modern conveniences (plumbing, heat, electricity, etc.) the houses, made of bamboo and straw, are very neat and clean.

About two weeks ago we heard shouts and crying and saw people running in the direction of this settlement. We looked out our window to see large billows of smoke and flames coming from the center of the refugee camp. In just a few minutes the whole area was a mass of flames and the fire was spreading rapidly. We joined in the running to see if there was any way we could help, and in a few minutes the three of us were carrying out furniture and provisions, helping the people salvage a few of their belongings. People came from all directions to assist and in about a half an hour the flames were under control, with only a bucket brigade. Fortunately, there were no serious burns and no deaths but most of the homes were completely destroyed. We then witnessed something of the mettle of which the Vietnamese are made. The smoke had no sooner cleared than we heard the noise of hammers as the people started to rebuild their homes. One could see that they are a people used to misfortune and tragedy.

Sister M. Marguerite, R.N.,
Holy Family Hospital, Quinhon, S. Vietnam

INDIA **Mission Life**

I do love the people very much. There are days when I get exasperated with them for asking a lot of questions which I've already answered three times, but they are so simple and so very lovable that I just can't stay angry with them. I know almost all the people in the village. You can't walk from here to the church (½ to ¾ of a mile) without meeting a dozen former patients, and they are so pleased if you remember their name and ask how they are getting along. There are plenty of inconveniences and things you'd like to do better, but in compensation for the disappointments and the frustrations, there are *the people!* Sometimes I would like to put my arms around the whole village and offer it up to God, saying, "Thank You, Lord, for making my first mission Thuruthipuram."

SISTER M. SUZANNA, R.N.,
A.A.J.M. Hospital, Thuruthipuram, S. India

ERRATA

1. Sister M. Francisco Fernandes, listed in the December issue of the *Medical Missionary Magazine,* page 187, as having qualified as a Fellow of the American College of Pathologists, should be correctly designated as having qualified as a *Diplomate of the American Board of Pathology.*

2. Line 10 page 186 (right column) should read "skilled medical assistance" not "unskilled."

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FIRST EAST PAKISTANI BISHOP CONSECRATED

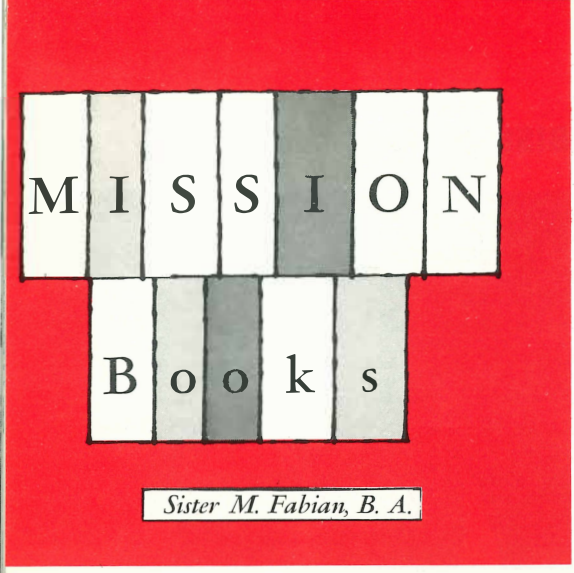
On October 7th, during a two-day visit to Dacca, in East Pakistan, His Eminence Cardinal Gregory Peter XV Agagianian, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation "de Propaganda Fide" consecrated His Excellency, the Most Reverend Theotonius Ganguly, C.S.C., Titular Bishop of Oliva and Auxiliary of Dacca.

The ceremony took place in the new and as yet unfinished Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Dacca, in the presence of Their Excellencies the Internuncios in Karachi and Delhi, almost the entire Hierarchy of Pakistan, representatives of the Government of Pakistan and notables of civil and diplomatic spheres of the country, and thousands of the faithful of Dacca.

His Excellency the Most Reverend Lawrence Leo Graner, C.S.C., Archbishop of Dacca, who was co-consecrator with His Excellency Joseph M. Cordeiro, Archbishop of Karachi, spoke at the ceremony expressing words of congratulation to the newly consecrated bishop and of thanks to His Eminence Cardinal Agagianian for having consecrated, personally, the first East Pakistani Bishop.

The ceremony took place in the evening, "in weather" as Archbishop Graner said, "that only East Pakistan can produce." In spite of the great heat and humidity His Excellency said he knew that the Cardinal would wish to say a few words of encouragement to the assembled people of Dacca. His Eminence in a brief address underlined the importance of the consecration of a son of the soil as a bishop. (Bishop Ganguli was born in Hashnabad Village, Dacca District, in 1920). The Church is built of living stones, His Eminence remarked, and Bishop Ganguly was one of those stones. The work of missionaries was appreciated and it would be needed for many years to come but in the fitness of things it was always the idea of Mother Church that the sons of the soil should be given greater responsibility in the running of the affairs of the Church. "Here before us," he said, "we have Archbishop Cordeiro for West Pakistan and now Monsignor Ganguly for East Pakistan, and these are only the first. Please God there will be more indigenous Bishops here in Pakistan as well as in Africa and Asia and the entire world."

The Most Rev. Theotonius Ganguly, C.S.C.
Titular Bishop of Oliva and
Auxiliary of Dacca, East Pakistan.



LITURGY AND THE MISSIONS: THE NIJMEGEN PAPERS. Johannes Hofinger, Editor. (Kenedy $5.95.)

Long ago the purpose of missions was stated very succinctly by Pierre Charles, as "planting the Church." What is it to plant the Church? It is to make available to the people the spiritual and corporal works of the Church, the Sacraments, the forms of worship. For many years the liturgical movement has been working to restore the worship of the Church to the people of Western Christendom. The missions too have not been neglected.

In 1959 a study week was held in Holland to study the implications of the liturgical movement for the missions. Keeping in mind the fundamental unity of faith which must be established, ideas were developed aiming at the adaptation of liturgical prayer to the temper of the people, and to the sensibilities of the new Christians. The central importance of the prayer life of the Church must be stressed within a framework understandable to the people. The papers present efforts now being made, and future plans within specific mission areas, emphasizing the teaching value of the liturgy.

THE REVOLT IN TIBET. Frank Moraes. (Macmillan $3.95.)

The first section of this book is a detailed and exciting description of the Dalai Lama's last days in Lhasa, and the momentous flight to India. In it there is a "Lost Horizon" quality, made more awesome because it really happened.

The flight to India, the appeal to the world, and in particular to the U.N. acts as a springboard into a discussion of the Sino-Tibetan relations, during the past ten centuries, and especially during the past ten years since the Chinese Communists forcibly took over Tibet.

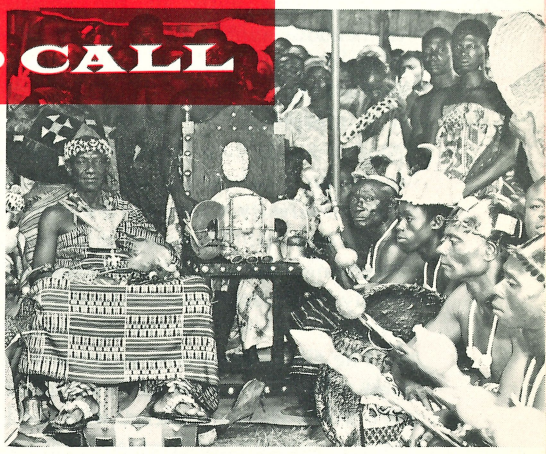
Included is a fine explanation of the Tibetan variety of Buddhism, Lamaism, the method of choosing the Dalai Lama, and a clear exposition of the true status of the very enigmatic Panchen Lama.

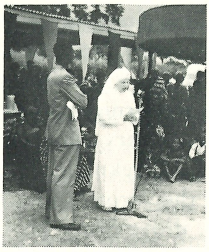
THE RASCAL AND THE PILGRIM. J. Anthony. (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy $3.75.)

Joseph Anthony, "Little Joe", spent his early years as a beggar in the streets of Seoul, Korea. The Korean War destroyed the only home he had ever known. The G.I.'s found him dying after a battle, cared for him, gave him work; and thus began a new life which led him eventually to Japan, and from there to Boys Town, U.S.A., and American citizenship.

The kindness of his many new friends gradually helped to erase the terrible memories of a war-torn homeland, and of brutalities and hardships. A delightful and winsome autobiography, it reads more like a novel.

THE CHIEFS CAME TO CALL





(Left) Mother Benedict speaking at Ceremony, Berekum.
(Above) The Chief sitting in state, Ghana, W. Africa.

Mother M. Benedict, M.D.

On the way back home from Teteman I tried to find out from the Chief the meaning of the various things which he had brought with him the day before. I was interested especially in his walking stick. It had an ivory top which was carved in the shape of a hand, and in the hand there was a round, ivory ball. The Chief said that the hand represented authority and the ball, an egg. His father had told him that an egg is a wonderful thing since from it comes life. Eggs are very delicate things, and if the Chief uses his authority correctly and is kind and patient with his people, then the egg remains intact; but, if he is harsh and cruel and overbearing, then the egg is crushed and his chiefdom falls apart.

The next day we drove on to Holy Family Hospital in Berekum. Several

(continued from Nov.-Dec. issue)

days after I arrived, I had to pay a formal visit to the Berekumhene, the Berekum Chief. He told me to come at 3:30 p.m. one afternoon. We found him sitting in state in his courtyard, with the elders around him, the queen mother next to him; the drums beating. He had all his formal regalia on. His interpreter tried to impress upon us that he only did this for very important people. Very solemnly, the Chief asked me, "What is your mission?" I replied that I had come to greet him, and to visit the Sisters at the hospital. He in turn, welcomed me and Sister M. Paula. We then had to make the rounds, shaking hands three times. First, we greeted him and all the elders and the Queen Mother with handshakes. We went back and sat down, and he came and greeted us. When all this was finished, we asked permission to leave and that meant shaking these

hands all over again! Then the Chief announced, through his interpreter, that he would return my visit on the following Sunday afternoon, at the Berekum hospital.

Sunday afternoon, he *did* come at four o'clock with all the chiefs—a tremendous number of them. There was a great deal of talking back and forth and a long speech by the Chief, which was interpreted. The Chief speaks very good English, but he never speaks directly on a ceremonial occasion such as this, he always speaks in Twi through an interpreter. However, if it is not a ceremonial occasion, he will speak directly and carry on a conversation in English.

The Chief presented us with a ram, and seven yams, in honor of my coming. We asked the Jinjinihene, who is Chief of the village near Berekum and one of the sub-chiefs under the Berekumhene (who is the paramount Chief of the Brong Ahafo House of Chiefs), if he would please ask Nana Berekumhene to explain to us the meaning of these things. He was very happy and very proud to do this. "Why are yams given as a gift and why are there seven?" we asked. "Yams are a sign of the plenty or the country and, therefore, you are welcome. Seven is a very propitious number."

All the Chiefs have a big, gold ring, which is a symbol of their authority. Different chiefs have them in different shapes. Nana Berekumhene's is enormous and it had many prongs to it, representing, he told me, a scorpion's head. He further explained that the yams are grown in piles (small hills) covered by swish, inside of which lives a scorpion. The scorpion is the protector of the rights of the owners, because a man will always give his friend part of what he has. But, if he says to a friend, "certainly you may take part of my yams," then, it is understood, that the friend will not dig down and take the biggest yam, but the one which is on top. If the friend should dig down to the biggest yam, then the scorpion will bite him.

* * *

There is a tremendous change in Ghana since I left there in December of 1957. You almost cannot describe it. The change is mainly seen in the cities. There is very little in the Bush but there is still some. They are putting in radio relay stations; and in some of the towns, like Sunyani (not far from Berekum) they are building regional offices. The new architecture of Ghana is very modernistic, but it fits in, because it is very simple.

After the Berekumhene's visit, Kwami, who is the driver for the Berekum Hospital, drove Sister M. Paula and me to Accra in the Techiman station wagon. Kwami is a character beyond description. From carrying head loads, his head is flat on the top. He speaks pidgeon English. If you want him to go faster, you say, "Put your foot for fire small small, Kwami." If Kwami sees curves in the road, he will call out, "Hold on tight, many cuff inside cuffs come along." He is a very cautious driver, to say the least. When you drive with him at night, he stops at every oncoming car. From Berekum to Accra, it is almost 300 miles. It was very late. Finally, I said to Sister M. Paula in the back seat, "If Kwami doesn't stop this, I will drive myself." However, I fell asleep after that, and Sister M. Paula told me every time I moved, Kwami would try to go faster because he was afraid I would take over the wheel.

* * *

The following Sunday we had the gala opening of the Berekum gate and the new administration block. The ceremony was very, very interesting. The

Berekumhene was to give an address and also the Regional Commissioner. The Chiefs formerly were the ruling force, but now, the Regional Commissioners have charge of the area, and the Chiefs are more or less traditional. The invitation said 10 o'clock and the Berekumhene said he would be there at 10:30. At 10:40 the Regional Commissioner arrived. All stood at attention and sang the National Anthem. He sat down and then asked, "Where is the Berekumhene?" When he discovered that the Berekumhene was not present, he left. Protocol required that the Chief arrive first, since the Regional Commissioner now ranks higher. Five minutes later the Chief, all dressed up, arrived with his retinue and umbrellas, and all the drums. The Regional Commissioner was waiting somewhere near by, and came back.

Everything went along fine. One of the teachers from the Training College in Berekum, acted as intrepreter for me, the Regional Commissioner, and the Berekumhene. There were from three to four hundred people present. After the ribbon was cut, the people were taken to the administration block where we had planned to serve refreshments—coke and orange drink—in a little booth. The people *mobbed* the coke stand. Everyone had a good time.

The gate has a little waiting place with a roof over it. The opening of the new gate was announced on the talking drums the day before. The Berekumhene said it was very important to do this, because we had to impress on the people that they must use the *new* gate and not the *old* one. It was remarkable that no one used the old gate after that day.

* * *

One of the things which will affect the development of Ghana is the Volta River Dam project. We went to Accra to meet someone at the airport two weeks later and visited the project on the way back. It is about 60 miles from Accra. The Kaiser Industries have done the preliminary work on the Dam Project. Mr. Stevens, the head of the engineering, spent several hours explaining the entire development to us. The tremendous lake, which will be made as a result of the dam, will reach way up into the northern part of Ghana. Initially it will supply more than half the electric power for the country, and will mean a tremendous industrialization.

Bauxite, from which aluminum is made is found there, and Kaiser Industries will establish the aluminum smelter. They have already built a town near the dam, even before the people come. These homes are for the technical personnel, and are nice, ranch-type houses. A little bit beyond, there will be a town to accommodate 42,000 people—almost as big as Kumasi, as far as population goes.

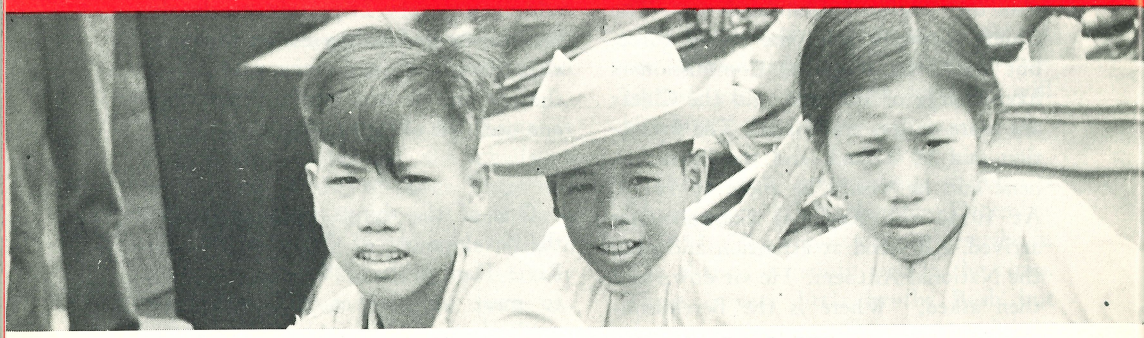
(to be continued)

ON GENEROSITY

Let the conscience of the generous be gladdened by the fruits of his liberality. When you give joy, you receive joy from the giving. The love of neighbor is also the love of God. Jesus declared that in the unity of this two-fold charity lies the fulfillment of the law and the prophets. Nor should any man doubt what he gives to man he offers to God. We love the saying of our Lord and Saviour when he spoke of feeding and helping the poor. Whatsoever you have done, He said, to anyone of them you have done to me.

(from the Sermon of St. Leo, Pope, sermon 9)

HOLY FAMILY HOSPITAL, Quinhon, So. Vietnam, FOR THE REFUGEES, was officially opened on January 8th, 1961 — FEAST OF THE HOLY FAMILY.



Refugees from Communism arriving in South Vietnam

HOSPITAL LINENS STILL NEEDED — PLEASE HELP

200 Pillow cases	$ 4.25 doz.	500 Diapers	$ 2.50 doz.
100 Pillows	$21.60 doz.	500 Sheets	$21.00 doz.
100 Summer blankets	$15.00 doz.	150 Crib sheets	$12.50 doz.
200 Bath towels	$12.50 doz.	200 Draw sheets	$ 8.50 doz.
500 Face towels	$ 6.50 doz.	100 Spreads	$ 2.80 doz.
500 Hand towels	$ 3.50 doz.	100 Patients' gowns	$12.25 doz.

MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS, PHILADELPHIA 11, PA.

Dear Sisters:

Here is my gift of $ for your hospital in South Vietnam.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

the
medical
past of

PAKISTAN

arabic medicine

The contributions of the Arabs to medicine are substantial. Dating from the middle of the seventh century A.D., Arabic medicine flourished for seven centuries, during which time the Islamic religion was most influential. The domain of Islam extended from the banks of the Indus to the Caucasus, and included Sicily and southern Spain.

The famous centers of Arabic medicine were Bagdad, Cairo, Ispahan (in Persia), Cordora and many other places. The hospitals were well organized and included special divisions for eye patients, for those suffering from fever, for the wounded, and so forth. There were both male and female nurses. In addition to treating the patients, the physicians taught the students and conducted examinations. A supervisor, "Muhtasib," kept an eye on the work and morals of the physicians, surgeons and druggists.

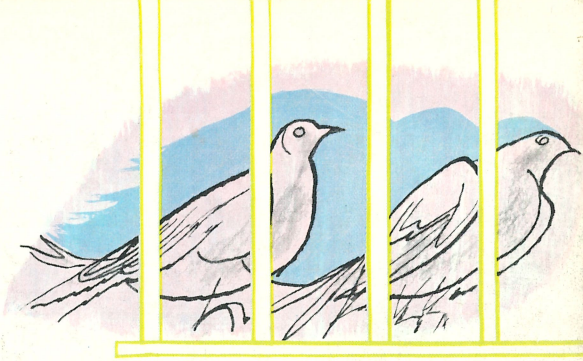
Greek medicine formed the basis of Arabic medicine. Students read Hippocrates, Oribasius and Aristotle, as well as the Roman Galen. Important libraries were founded in Bagdad, Alexandria and many other university centers, and books of wisdom and medicine were translated. That the influence of Greek medicine was great is shown by the fact that the Arabs called a department pertaining to drugs *Unani* medicine. (Unan is the Arabic word for *Greek*.)

As time went on, the Arabs themselves contributed much to the growth and development of medicine based on clinical and scientific observations. Abu Bakar Mohammad ibn Zakaria, popularly known as Rhazes (865-925 A.D.) studied medicine at the school of Bagdad and later became a famous teacher at the same school. Rhazes differentiated smallpox from measles and introduced the use of animal-gut as sutures.

The most talented physician of the golden age of Arabic medicine was Abu ali al-Hussein ibn Abdallah ibn Sina, popularly known as Avicenna (980-1037). His birthplace was Bokhara in Persia. He was famous also as a philosopher, mathematician and astronomer. He recorded his observations and experiences in his book *The Canon of Medicine* (*Q'anun*), which remained an almost indispensable authority for physicians of all countries to the end of the seventeenth century.

It would not be far fetched to conclude that, without the important contributions of Arabic medicine, modern medicine would not be so far advanced.

Mohammed Idris, M.B., B.S.



Mary in the Gospels ONE OF A SERIES

And when the days of her purification were fulfilled according to the Law of Moses, they took Him up to Jerusalem to present Him to the Lord . . . and to offer a sacrifice according to what is said in the Law of the Lord, "a pair of turtle doves or two young pigeons."

LUKE 2:22-24